

THE PRINT-COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY

EDITED BY
FITZROY CARRINGTON

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BY CADWALLADER WASHBURN

FREDERICK KEPPEL & COMPANY
4 EAST 39TH STREET, NEW YORK
OCTOBER, 1911

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QUARTERLY

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FITZROY CARRINGTON

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FREDERICK KEPPEL & COMPANY
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THE PRINT-COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY

HE PRINT-COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY will be published by Messrs. Frederick Keppel & Company four times a year. It will concern itself chiefly with the works of the recognized great masters of engraving and etching, both old and modern, and attention will be paid to such contemporary etchings as seem worthy of the serious consideration of collectors.

The publishers invite and will welcome any suggestions for future numbers. It is their intention to make of the QUARTERLY a magazine of permanent value to the constantly growing number of print-collectors in America, and they therefore ask for it the support of its many friends.

All print-collectors who may receive copies of the QUARTERLY are requested to preserve them, since no issue will be reprinted, and the publishers cannot promise to supply any back numbers.

A partial list of contributors to future issues of THE PRINT-COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY will be found upon the following page.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS

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and the Editor,
FITZROY CARRINGTON.

THE WATER-COLORS AND DRAWINGS OF SIR SEYMOUR HADEN, P.R.E.

By H. NAZEBY HARRINGTON

Author of "The Engraved Work of Sir Francis
Seymour Haden, P.R.E."

S an etcher the work of Sir Seymour Haden is known to all lovers of art the wide world over, and not least in the United States, but his general capacity as an artist in other forms of expression is less well known, partly from lack of opportunity and partly from the very limited amount of material.

It must never be forgotten that art was not the main business of his life; it was but an occasional and fitful relaxation in a life devoted to another profession and full of other and varied interests. The wonder is, not that his artistic work was so limited, but that it was so great and so successful.

When a medical student in Paris, instead of spending his evenings in the usual frivolities of the Quartier Latin, he attended the classes of the Government School of Art, which were held in the same building as the School of Medicine. This was done, not from any positive love for art, but rather with the fixed idea that such study would train his powers of observation and make the hands more alert to obey the impulses of the will, and in this way help him in his surgical work. What he dissected he drew, what he drew he

modeled, and in this way obtained a remarkable knowledge of anatomy and some facility in the technique of graphic art.

In this way he got into the habit of using drawing as a sort of shorthand, and so, when in 1844 he traveled in Italy, his diaries were filled with sketches rather than verbal descriptions—sketches that unfortunately have been too generously scattered.

While in Italy he met, and spent some time in the company of, Duval le Camus, a capable French artist who painted a good deal in water-color, and from him no doubt he picked up some knowledge of that medium. In Naples and its neighborhood they spent many happy days sketching together.

During the next fourteen or fifteen years Seymour Haden had not much time for the practice of art. His professional work took up all his time and vigor, but he always took a great interest in art and artists and counted many artists among his friends. He was appointed Surgeon to the Department of Science and Art at South Kensington, and became a collector of etchings by the old masters, not merely for the sake of acquisition but rather for the purpose of study and comparison. He also became the possessor of many pictures and water-color drawings, amongst others of several by Turner; and so, when in 1858 his young brother-in-law J. M. Whistler returned from France with his recently etched plates and his inciting tales of work in the Paris studios, Haden became readily infected and took up etching again, with the result we all know. Thenceforward, whenever a rare afternoon's holiday could be stolen, or a few moments spared between the casts of the line during the an-



HADEN. SALMON POOL ON THE SPEY

Size of the original charcoal drawing, 14 x 20 inches



HADEN. OLD OAKS, CHATSWORTH

Size of the original charcoal drawing, 14 x 20 inches

nual vacation devoted to fishing, or on the rarer occasions of a continental holiday, the copper plate or the sketching block was brought into use. And so we find sketches done on the Thames and the Ribble, the Teivy, the Test and the Spey; in Holland and in Germany, in Spain and Madeira; at Chatsworth, in the old towns of Rye and Winchelsea, and above all in the fascinating Isle of Purbeck—sketches done for his own pleasure or for his friends, with never a thought of placing them before either the critic or the purchaser.

The earliest sketch that I have seen is one dated 1841. It is in pen and sepia and represents an early morning execution outside the Old Bailey. At a first glance it might be mistaken for an etching by Cruikshank. It measures only three and one half by two and one fourth inches, but is masterly in its drawing, and marvelous in its suggestiveness of a large crowd.

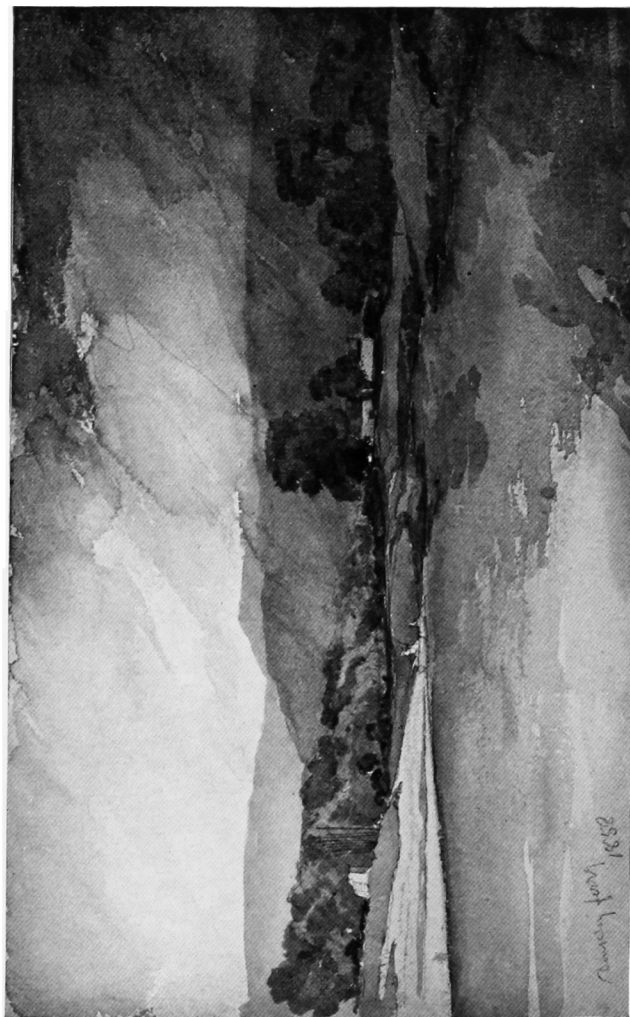
The drawings done in 1844 in France and Italy vary from mere thumb-nail sketches to comparatively finished drawings. Some of them in their carefulness and decision resemble the early drawings of Turner. Two or three figure sketches, notably portraits of Duval le Camus and the Marquis de Belluno (two of his companions), are very expressive and full of character.

While in Rome, through the introduction of the Marquis de Belluno, Haden had many interviews with Pope Gregory XVI, and during two or three of them he took the opportunity of sketching, on one of his shirt cuffs, a somewhat elaborate portrait of His Holiness. The Pope very kindly professed not to

notice what the artist was doing until the portrait was finished. He then quietly remarked that he "now understood why M. Haden had attended at three audiences without a change of linen." One would give much to see this portrait (which Sir Seymour always said was an excellent one), but it has disappeared, having been lent to a friend and never returned.

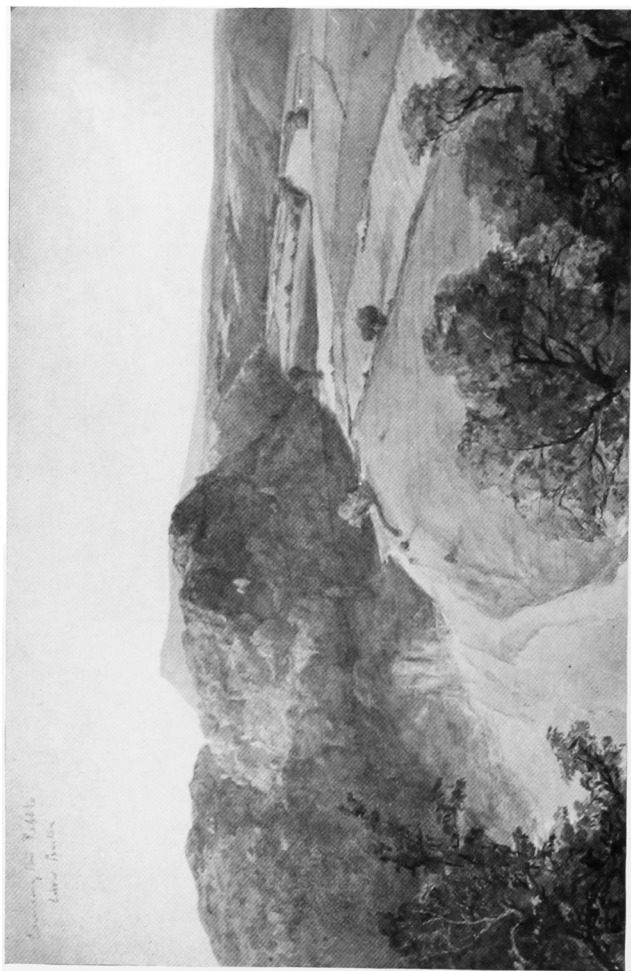
The drawings done after 1858 were much broader in style than the early sketches, and vary in method, being in lead pencil, pen and ink, chalk, charcoal, and water-color. Thrown off in a moment of inspiration, as a poet would throw off a lyric, he chose the material which chanced to be at hand. Some are on sheets of writing paper, and many valuable ones are on perishable blotting paper. Here and there among these "slight" sketches are specimens that in their economy of line, their stamp of decision, and their interpretative insight, suggest the work of his great master Rembrandt. What strikes one above all is their vigor and "bigness." There is no dainty indecision about them; they go straight for the heart of the subject, giving the vigorous impression of a vigorous mind. They do not give all that could be said on the subject, but they give all that he feels is best worth saying. They make an intellectual appeal to the mind and do not tire with unnecessary platitudes.

The water-color drawings show a good but scarcely a great colorist. They are in the "grand" manner and the best of them have a fine atmospheric quality, as in the *Dinkley Ferry* here, which reminds one of



HADEN. DINKLEY FERRY

Size of the original water-color, $10\frac{1}{4} \times 16\frac{1}{2}$ inches



HADEN. COURSE OF THE RIBBLE BELOW PRESTON
Size of the original water-color, $12\frac{1}{2} \times 19$ inches

a good De Wint. The *Course of the Ribble* is probably one of the most finished drawings he ever did, and shows to the highest degree of what he was capable in this medium when time allowed and when loving care was exercised. It is wonderfully mellow, good in color, and true in drawing, but has less of the white heat of inspiration:—I envy the fortunate possessor! The *Lancashire River*, a drawing of the same subject as the etching with the same title, is perhaps his finest piece of color.

But it is in his large charcoal drawings of the end of the seventies that he rises to his greatest heights,—in the sketches done around Swanage in the south of Dorsetshire, and at Chatsworth, and two or three drawn from the stores of his memory. What a revelation it was to me when—I scarcely like to count how many years ago—I first passed into that peaceful little “garden room” that looked out upon the old-time bowling green at Woodcote Manor and saw around its walls some four and twenty of these large charcoal drawings! It was as though some new planet swam into my ken! I had never seen so much suggested with such simple means. Two or three hours’ work with a sheet of rough paper, a piece of charcoal, and a mezzotint scraper! Heath and woodland, sea cliff and river glen, radiant light and quivering mist, houses sleeping in the sun and mysterious shadows lurking in the corners of the quaint old kitchen or the romantic ruin, or lying full length before the giant boles of centuries-old oaks; all suggested with equal ease and magic mastery! Many and many an hour did I afterward spend in that little treasure-

house, ever finding fresh beauties revealed to me, and learning through them to see in Nature much that had previously been hidden from me. Haden's etchings had proved him to be a great master in line, these drawings proved him to be almost equally great in tone. What particularly strikes one is the variety and transparency of his shadows. They are not black patches, but receding planes of varying densities. And what atmospheric quality they have! Driving mist and slanting rain, and sun rays penetrating the moisture-laden air, as though by a magician, are fixed for us on paper.

The origin of many of these drawings has been described by Sir Seymour himself in an article written some years ago in *Harper's Magazine*, "On the Revival of Mezzotint as a Painter's Art." With the idea that he could use mezzotint as he had done etching, face to face with Nature, he had taken a previously grounded plate to the bank of the River Test and attempted to scrape upon it what he saw before him. The result was the plate numbered 234 in my catalogue (*The Test at Longparish No. 3*), interesting, but not wholly satisfactory and incomplete in intention. This proved that, unlike etching, mezzotint was too slow a process with which to work from nature at a single sitting, and a return on a later day only proved that the natural effect had changed, or that the artist was in a different phase of mind or not in the humor to complete the original impression. So instead of taking a grounded plate out with him he took a sheet of rough paper which had been rubbed all over with charcoal, this black surface corresponding to the mezzotint ground upon the copper plate, and



HADEN. ENCOMBE WOODS

Size of the original charcoal drawing, 14 x 20 inches

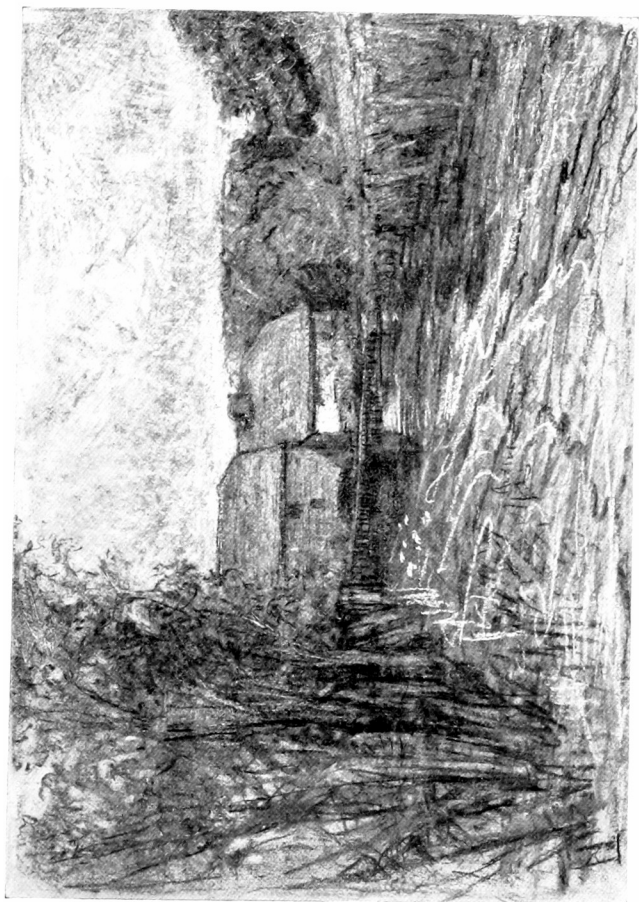


HADEN. AN ELDERLY COUPLE, CHATSWORTH PARK
Size of the original charcoal drawing, $13\frac{1}{2} \times 19\frac{1}{2}$ inches

on this prepared surface he scraped away the lights. As will be readily understood, this softer material could be much more rapidly manipulated than the harder copper, and so he found that in two or three hours the desired effect could be obtained. His intention was to reproduce in the studio and at his leisure the effects of these studies upon the copper plate. And so, with modifications, in several instances he did—I say *with modifications*, for it was almost impossible for him to closely copy even his own work. The *Salmon Pool on the Spey* provided the *motif* for the mezzotint plate with the same title (H. 250), and more closely of the little *Salmon River*, which served as a frontispiece to Dr. Hamilton's book on "Fly Fishing." The *Encombe Woods* supplied the subject for the two plates H. 218 and 219, which were intended to be a combination of etching and mezzotint, but the latter part of the project was never carried out. This too was the case with *Early Morning* (H. 244) and *By the Waters of Babylon* (H. 245), *Ars Longa, Vita Brevis* (H. 210) and *A Study of Rocks* (H. 211), all of which were etched or dry-pointed from charcoal drawings. The only important plates inspired by these drawings that were fully completed, were *Evening Fishing, Longparish* (H. 239), *An Early Riser* (H. 240), *Grayling Fishing* (H. 241), and *The Pillar of Salt* (H. 246); but they are sufficient to prove what a series of masterpieces we have lost through the dimming of the eye and the numbing of the hand by relentless Age.

However, we must be thankful for what we have, and the regret one has that these drawings should be scattered in different directions, is tempered by the

hope that by one of the marvelous photographic processes of to-day this wonderful series of visions may be reproduced, and so again brought together for all of us who love beautiful things, and who reverence the master who produced them.



HADEN. A WATER-MILL, DORSETSHIRE

Size of the original charcoal drawing, 14 x 20 inches




HADEN. THE DRAUGHTSMAN, SWANAGE
Size of the original charcoal drawing, 14 x 20 inches

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS OF SIR SEYMOUR HADEN, P.R.E.

PART II

SEYMOUR HADEN IN AMERICA

By FREDERICK KEPPEL

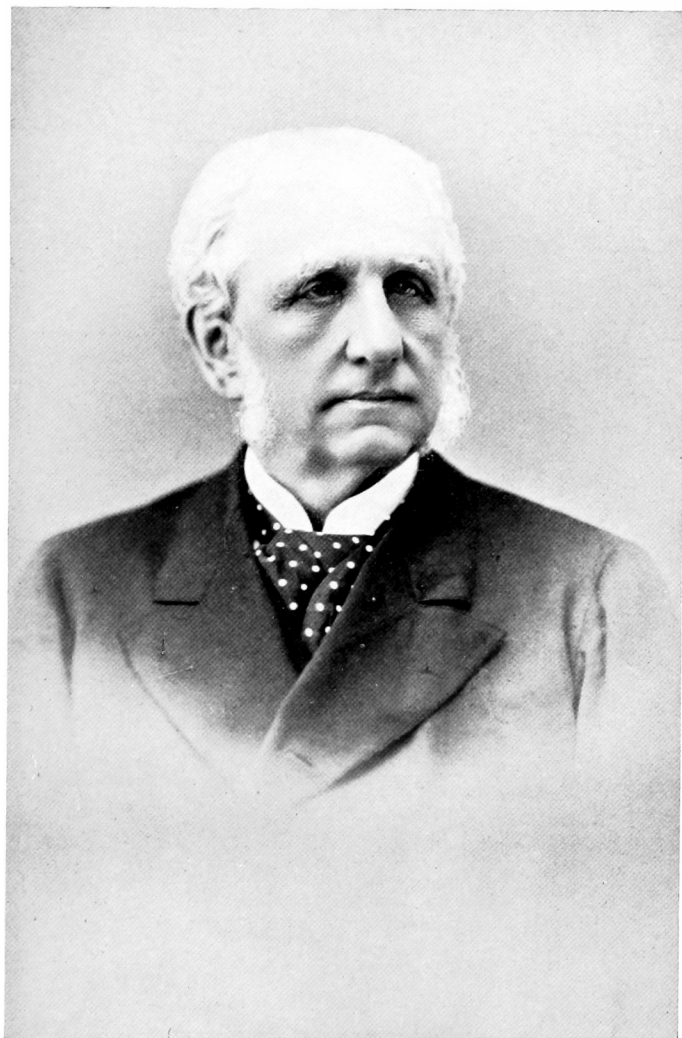
 HIS second and concluding portion of my article on Sir Seymour Haden will contain nothing except an account of his doings and sayings during his visit to the United States in the year 1882. The former chapter of the article referred entirely to my experiences with him in Europe, and it was printed in No. 3 of THE PRINT-COLLECTOR'S QUARTERLY, last July. The purpose of his American visit was to expound and vindicate the importance of original etching as a fine art. This he did by delivering a series of lectures on the subject, and these lectures, in the main, were very well received.

Being a born and case-hardened controversialist he soon found out that in America no man's unproved *ipse dixit*, however eminent he might be, was dutifully accepted as it would have been in one of the older civilizations of Europe, and so it came about that several unprofitable controversies were hotly

waged on both sides. Seymour Haden was by nature pugnacious and "toplofty," and such an attitude went down badly in America. But, all the same, the man himself was treated with distinguished consideration here, and his lectures did genuine good to the cause of true art. He lectured in all our principal cities from New York to Chicago, and although when he landed here I think he had very few personal acquaintances (except myself), yet when he sailed back to England he took with him the cordial friendship and good will of many Americans of the right sort.

His first lecture was delivered before a distinguished audience in Chickering Hall, Fifth Avenue, New York. He had plenty of voice to make his auditors hear him; but his lecture dragged considerably—for a peculiarly British reason: it is known to some of us that in an Englishman's public oration he is not genteel or distinguished if he speaks freely and fluently. No, no; he must befog and entangle his words with all sorts of hesitations and amendments. It is the same in the British House of Commons. I do not mean such master orators as Gladstone was, but the public speech of the average British member,—let us call him Sir Huddleston Fuddleston—sounds like this: "The honorable, hum—the honorable and gallant member from—ha—hum—from Hull, has been good enough to—a—um—to say— etc."

Well, Seymour Haden modeled his oratory on this preposterous but genteel British usage; and yet, in private conversation, I have never known a man who used more elegant and appropriate language than he. On the day following that of the lecture, I re-



PORTRAIT OF SEYMOUR HADEN

From a photograph from life; taken in New York in 1882



Portrait of Sir Seymour Haden, Sketched (unknown to him) in the Print Room of the British Museum, by J. Wells Champney of New York. Sir Seymour afterwards wrote on this sketch, "Excellent! S. H. 1899."

CHAMPNEY. PORTRAIT OF SIR SEYMOUR HADEN

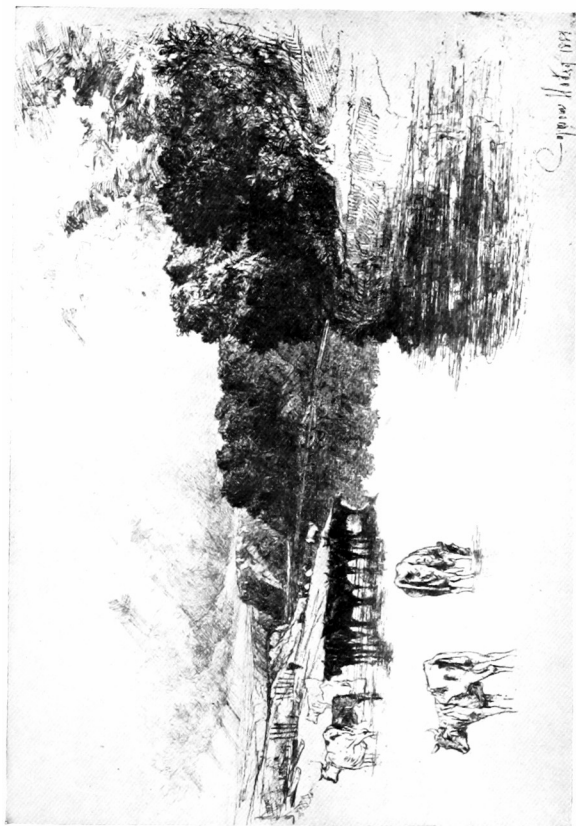
Sketched (unknown to him) in the Print Room of the British Museum, by J. Wells Champney of New York. Sir Seymour afterward wrote on this sketch, "Excellent! S. H. 1899."

Size of the original drawing, 9 x 8 inches

ceived a visit from my kind and valued friend the Right Reverend Monsignor Doane, who was a genuine lover of fine prints, and he said to me: "Well, I heard your English friend last evening humming and hawing through his lecture." Soon afterward I had the opportunity of bringing these two distinguished men together, and after that, during his yearly visit to England, the monsignor used to be a welcome and honored guest of Sir Seymour and Lady Haden. The artist's lectures in Boston were listened to with earnest attention and he was the guest of honor at a reception given at the St. Botolph Club; but even there storms and tempests arose. He quarreled with the one eminent American whom, the rest of us would think, nobody could quarrel with,—namely, Oliver Wendell Holmes. It was all about a "fool" difference of opinion on some question of medical ethics and usages in America as compared with England.

Before the evening of his reception at the St. Botolph Club, Seymour Haden procured a list of the principal personages whom he was to meet there. He took it to me, and said: "Now, what should I *know* about these people?" I wrote down for him as many notes as I could, and when he met the Bostonians, I was astonished to see how well he had coached himself about them. On his return to New York, he received a great number of letters. He was staying at the old Hotel Brunswick, Fifth Avenue, and every morning I had to go there and tell him "who was who" among the writers of the letters. One day he was called down to the parlor by a message that a lady wished to see him. He went down and when he came back to his room carrying a card in his hand, he said to me,

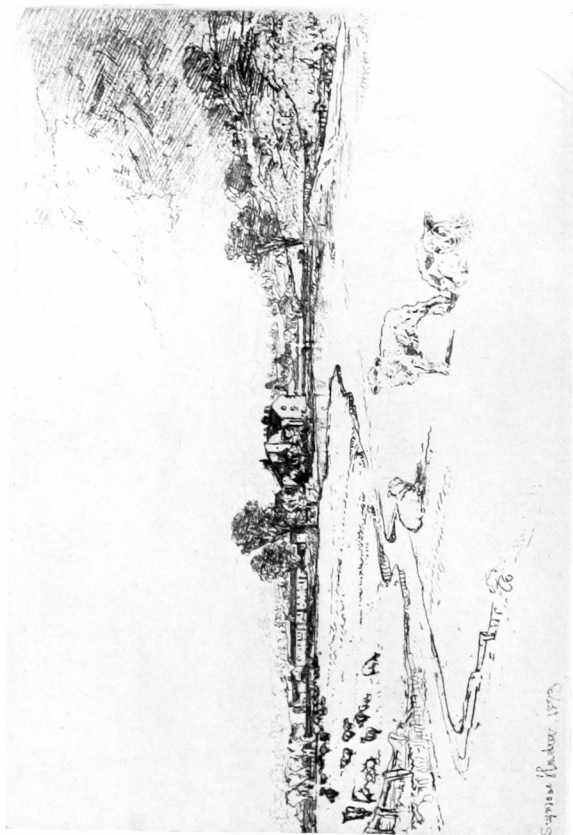
“Well, I certainly am in an extraordinary country. That visitor, whom I never knew, is evidently a lady, and she has invited me to come and spend a week with her husband and herself at Yonkers.” Glancing at the card, I read the name of Mrs. James B. Colgate, and said to Seymour Haden, “I should certainly advise you to accept,” and I went on to say that it was easy enough for a stranger from England to see our public show places, big hotels, etc., but not so easy to get an entrée to the home of a really nice American family. Seymour Haden accepted the invitation and spent a week with Mr. and Mrs. Colgate. In those years, I myself lived in Yonkers, and I called on him at the Colgate house the day after his arrival there. The eminent banker showed us into his library, and leaving us alone he closed the door. The English visitor, first looking around to see that there was no other person present, said to me in a sort of whisper: “I am very comfortable here, with but one serious drawback. I have been in the habit, all my life, of taking wine with my dinner; but last evening, what do you suppose they gave me in the place of wine?—*milk!*” This was about nine o’clock at night, and when I got home I stated the case to my dear old mother. She laughed a little wickedly, and said, “I think I can help your friend in this case.” We happened to have some very good sherry. The old lady got a large flat bottle, filled it with the wine, corked it and put it into an innocent-looking pasteboard box, telling me to take it to him. Before leaving my home, I wrote a brief note to Seymour Haden saying that the package which I had to deliver to him must be opened only in the privacy of his own chamber. The Colgates



HADEN. A LANCASHIRE RIVER

A well-known salmon pool on the Ribble. In Sir Seymour's opinion this is one of his very finest plates. It was awarded the Medal of Honor at the Paris Exposition of 1889.

Size of the original etching, 11 x 16 inches



HADEN. SAWLEY ABBEY

Sawley Abbey stands by a salmon river, the Ribble, which here is enlarged into a wide pool. Seymour Haden often came here for his salmon fishing.

Size of the original etching, 10 x 14 7/8 inches

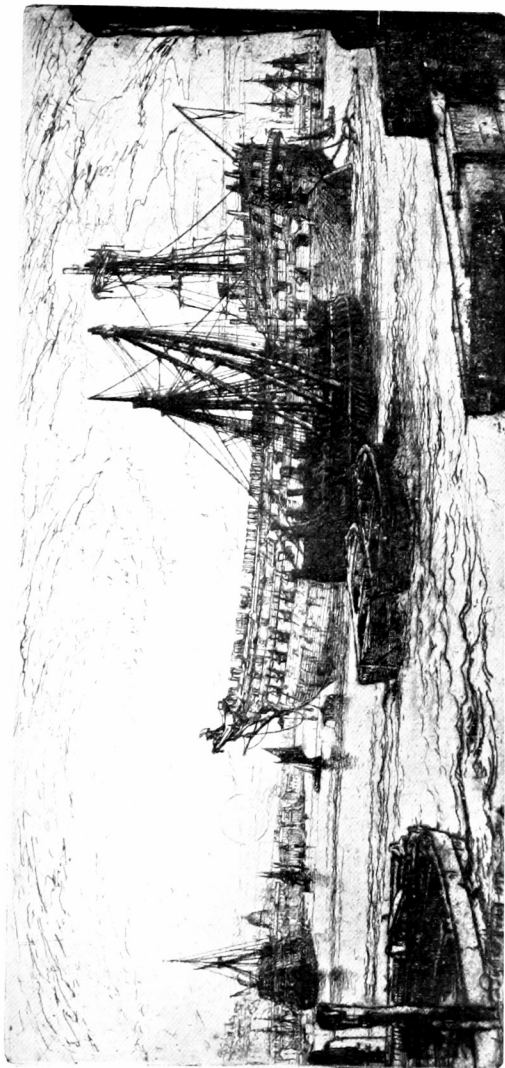
were total abstainers of so pronounced a kind that when Mr. Colgate rented any house of his in Yonkers, he made a condition in the lease that no intoxicants of any kind were ever to be received in that house. Further than that, one of his principles was, not only never to drink wine or spirits, but never to touch or carry them. When I got back to Mr. Colgate's house, it was ten o'clock at night, and all the lights in the big house were extinguished and the doors locked. I rang and rang at the bell, and at last Mr. Colgate himself, wearing trousers and slippers, opened the door. I had to manufacture a small fiction, which recalls Sir Walter Scott's couplet:

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave,
When first we practise to deceive."

Mr. Colgate said to me rather fretfully that all the household had retired, and that Mr. Seymour Haden must wait until the morning. I said to him in reply, that he would do me a great favor, if when he was passing his guest's chamber door, he would knock at it and deliver the package, and this Mr. Colgate consented to do. Some days later a reception was given to Seymour Haden at the Lotos Club, Fifth Avenue, and I accompanied him from Yonkers to New York on that occasion. When Mr. Haden found himself safe in the train, he said to me: "I could n't have slept a wink except for that excellent sherry that your mother sent me, but I took deuced good care to carry away the empty bottle in my bag." I remember that from the train we saw the gorgeous sight of the sun setting behind the Palisades, and mirrored in the Hudson River, and Mr. Haden said to me, with

something like reproach in his voice: "Now, why have I never been told of the beauty of all this?" Later on, he said to me, looking about in the crowded train: "Now, is n't it melancholy to think that nobody among all these people, except myself (and perhaps you), has the slightest sense of the beauty of this magnificent sunset!" I was tempted to say to him that he had no right to assume such callous insensibility on the part of the Americans, but though I thought it, I did not say it. Seymour Haden's reception at the Lotos Club was a notable function. I remember that the President, the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, made a very graceful speech in honor of his guest, and I recall vividly the marvelous cleverness of a very young man who had been invited to entertain the company. One of this young man's monologues represented an intimate talk between three Italian opera singers, the soprano, the tenor, and the basso; the three continually interrupting one another. The speaking of the young man was in "fake" Italian, and the three speaking voices were admirably differentiated. I inquired who this young man was, and was told that he was the son of the famous oratorio singer, Madame Rudersdorf of Boston, that his name was Richard Mansfield, and that he was studying for the stage. I then uttered a prophecy that that young man would be a great actor later on; and so he was.

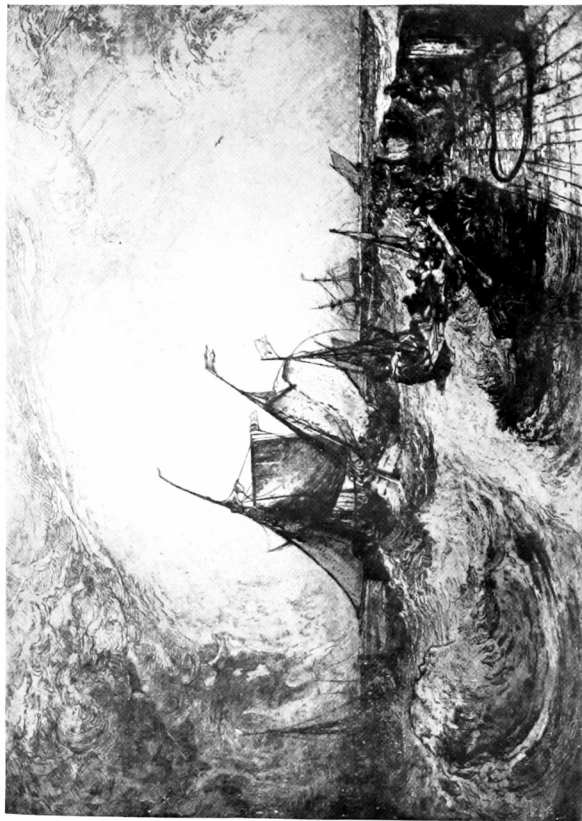
After his return from Boston, the artist spent several weeks in New York, and while he was there, I arranged for him the first public exhibition of his etchings which was ever made in America. The New York press took up the subject with enthusiasm, and every important newspaper printed a long



HADEN. THE BREAKING-UP OF THE AGAMEMNON

Perhaps, all things considered, the artist's masterpiece. Collectors differ as to the relative merits of the various etchings by Seymour Haden, but all are agreed in ranking this as a masterpiece. Moreover, it was the first etching to be treated in this particular manner, and it has become the model for many imitators. This fine plate was etched on the Thames, at Greenwich, in 1870. Sir Seymour devoted the money obtained from the sale of the proofs to the aid of the London Hospital for Incurables.

Size of the original etching, $7\frac{3}{4} \times 16\frac{1}{4}$ inches



HADEN. CALAIS PIER

Etched by Seymour Haden after the painting by J. M. W. Turner in the National Gallery, London. This superb etching stands alone in the history of the art. The scene could not be more strongly felt nor more vividly presented had the etcher been working from nature instead of from a painting by another hand. When this etching appeared, Seymour Haden received an enthusiastic letter from John Ruskin, in which the latter exhorted him to devote the remainder of his life to etching the paintings of Turner.

Size of the original print, $23\frac{1}{2} \times 33$ inches

review of the artist and his work. I collected all of these very laudatory articles, and took them to Mr. Haden at the Hotel Brunswick. Next day he said to me, "Do you know that these reviews of the New York press are distinctly abler and more intelligent than if they had been written in London?" He added, "I wish you would pay my particular compliments to the gentleman who wrote the review in the *New York World*; that article in particular I found to be admirable." He was surprised when he saw me begin to laugh, but I explained to him that the "gentleman" in question was a lady, and the article which he so greatly admired was from the pen of Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer.

One very seldom finds that the imaginative and creative artist is also endowed with a logical and judicial cast of mind. It was so with Seymour Haden. He had brought from England a large collection of excellent lantern-slides to illustrate these lectures by means of a stereopticon, and in the lecturer's zeal to glorify original etching at the expense of prints done by any other method, he had procured one lantern slide of the beautiful little portrait which Rembrandt had etched of himself, the complete print of which is hardly bigger than a postage stamp. It was the *Rembrandt à trois moustaches*. Alongside of this, Mr. Haden had printed a morsel of the same size, taken from a crude and unimportant part of the foreground of William Sharp's famous line-engraving of the *Holy Family*, after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Thus this special pleader, Haden, displayed an etching in its entirety, and less than one-hundredth part of a line-engraving of very large size. Wherever, dur-

ing his lectures, this illustration was exhibited by a stereopticon, there was a universal outcry against the unfairness of it. People all, with one accord, declared that if the artist wanted to confront and contrast etching with line-engraving, fairness would require the lecturer to have chosen two prints of the same size; but there was no "budging" Seymour Haden, when he had formed an opinion.

While in New York, he visited the exhibition of paintings at the National Academy of Design, and was escorted through the galleries by the late James D. Smillie, N.A. When his eye fell upon a certain painting, he suddenly stopped as if he were paralyzed. "Who did that picture?" "It is the work of one of our New York artists, Miss So-and-So." "Why do you allow such dreadful things on your walls?" "Well," said Mr. Smillie, "we like to exemplify various phases in art." "Hum," rejoined Seymour Haden, while glaring at the picture; "she ought to be *disemboweled!*"

Of at least one of our well-known American artists, Seymour Haden expressed the strongest admiration. This was the late John Lafarge, N.A., and he also spoke with enthusiasm of the original American etchings of thirty years ago, the work of such men as Stephen Parrish, Charles A. Platt, Peter Moran, and Joseph Pennell. On seeing a very large, intricate plate by Mr. Parrish, Mr. Haden made the remark to me, "That young man does not know what the sense of fatigue in making a picture is." Even at this period, Seymour Haden was known throughout Europe as being the judge *par excellence* of a fine print, and he was also recognized as an admirable judge of paintings.



HADEN, HARLECH

In *Harlech* the artist has first mezzotinted his composition and has then strengthened and defined the outlines with etched lines. This is the reverse of the method employed by Turner in the "*Liber Studiorum*," Turner first etched the main lines of his composition and then finished the plate in mezzotint.

Size of the original engraving, $8\frac{7}{8} \times 12\frac{1}{2}$ inches



HADEN. AN EARLY RISER

Engraved in pure mezzotint in 1897. To this plate and Sir Seymour's mezzotint *Grayling Fishing* was awarded the Medal of Honor at the Paris Exposition of 1900.

Size of the original mezzotint, $8\frac{7}{8} \times 11\frac{7}{8}$ inches

While on this subject of Haden's learned judgment of pictures, I will record what he remarked to me after he had visited Niagara for the first time. What he said was: "No artist, except Turner, should have ever dared to attempt making a picture of the Falls of Niagara."

One of Seymour Haden's exceptionally good days was the Sunday which he spent in visiting that famous art collector and admirable man, James L. Claghorn, of Philadelphia. On that occasion, I myself was included as a sort of "make-weight." The Englishman, with genuine zeal, went through Mr. Claghorn's collection of prints, and he wrote with pencil on several of them that they were exceptionally fine.

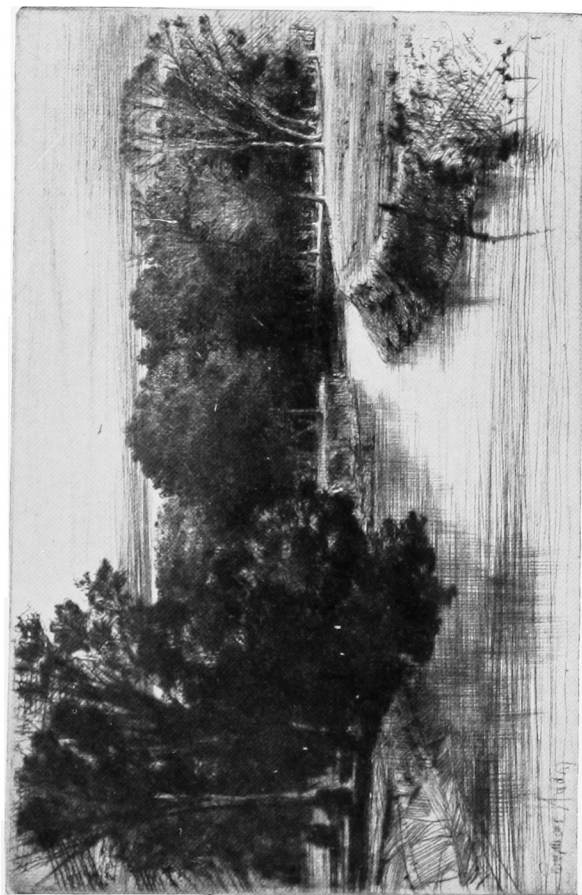
On another side Mr. Haden excelled as a judge, and that was in the matter of first-class food and first-class cooking. At lunch, our host treated us to a delicious dish of terrapin. Seymour Haden found it wonderfully good and declared that not only had he never tasted terrapin before, but he had never heard of the dish. "Oh, yes," said I to him; "you certainly have heard of terrapin; don't you remember at church on Sundays, when they sing the 'Te Deum,' they sing, 'Terrapin and Seraphim.'" "Oh, tut, tut," said he, "I want to hear no irreverence."

Seymour Haden had ranked as a very able physician. An incident occurred while we were at Mr. Claghorn's house which shows how wise he was in this respect: Mr. Claghorn was a huge and corpulent man of about sixty, but he was full of force and energy. While we were in his library he got up and bustled out on some errand, and Seymour Haden said

to me: "Your friend will not live long, and when he dies he will go off very suddenly." I was shocked on hearing such an unexpected prophecy, and I asked Mr. Haden how long Mr. Claghorn was likely to live. In answer he said, "Just about two years." Two years later, within ten days of the time Haden had designated, Mr. Claghorn suddenly fell dead.

Still continuing the subject of Mr. Haden's critical judgment in dining, I may mention that wherever he went, he would never partake, at a hotel, of a *table d'hôte* meal. He insisted on selecting particular dishes which he wished for, and he had them specially cooked for him. On his return from Cincinnati, he told me that while there he met my own dear friend, the late Herman Goepper, and he had given him, at a club, the very best, and best-served, dinner that he had ever partaken of.

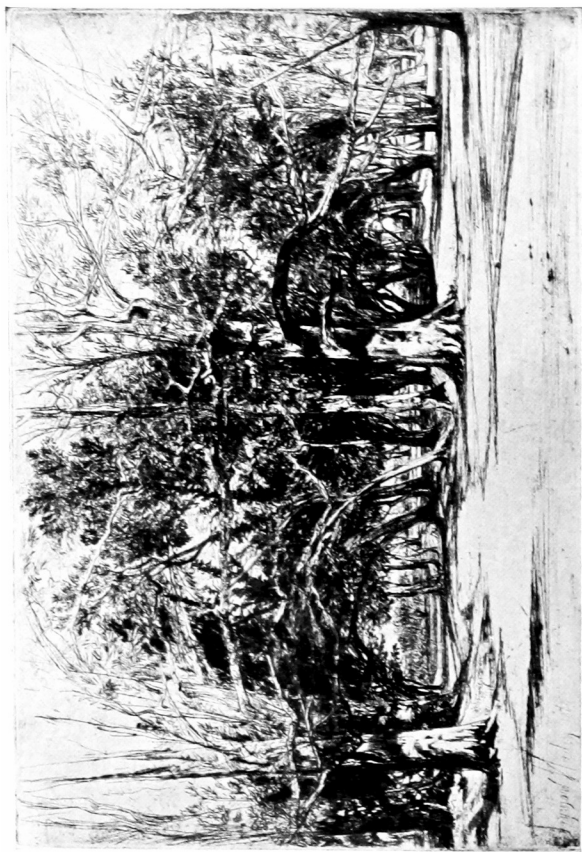
Seymour Haden's course of lectures at Chicago was a great success, and a very notable reception was tendered to him. During the course of that reception, a very influential Chicago lady marched up and said in a loud voice: "Why don't you *educate* your women in England?" "I know what you mean," said the Englishman, "but we don't like to have our English women crammed with a lot of abstruse *isms* and *ologies*." Another lady, who thought the English guest had been rather unfairly attacked, said to him, "Now, Mr. Haden, can't you attack her in return?" "Well, yes," said he; "in America, you don't know how to make tea, and your table knives will not cut anything." Another little dispute arose in Detroit. Haden had arrived late at night, very much fatigued, at the Russell House. At about eight o'clock in the morning he was awakened from a much-



HADEN. A SUNSET IN IRELAND

"This plate, and also *A By-Road in Tipperary*, were done in the park of Viscount Hawarden, in the most beautiful part of Tipperary."

Seymour Haden.
Size of the original dry-point, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ inches



HADEN. A BY-ROAD IN TIPPERARY

This magnificent plate was etched in 1860, in the park of Viscount Hawarden. All things considered, it is the artist's finest rendering of tree-forms.

Size of the original etching, $7\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{1}{4}$ inches

needed sleep by a sound of hammering and grinding in the wall outside his window. He got up, raised the window, and saw two men boring a hole into the front wall of the hotel, for the purpose of inserting an iron bar from which a sign was to be swung. Mr. Haden remonstrated at being disturbed. The two mechanics answered that they were "on that job" and that they were going to do it. Then, as the *Detroit Free Press* related the incident, the elderly gentleman, dressed in night-clothes and a nightcap, had pushed out both his arms, seized the offending and disturbing crowbar, hauled it into his room and shut down the window. Very soon after, the proprietor of the hotel came, knocked at his guest's door, and said that the crowbar which had been seized was not his property and that he would get into trouble if it were not given up at once, but Seymour Haden before giving it up stipulated that he was not to be disturbed with any more noise until such time as he was ready to leave his bed.

It will be noticed that, while in my former article I called him Sir Seymour Haden, in the present one I call him plain Mister. This was because it was after his return from America to England that Queen Victoria gave him his title, and although in London he had a large medical practice he never was even Doctor Haden. In England a surgeon, however eminent, is never addressed as Doctor.

This change to a title of nobility reminds me of a couplet in Thackeray's fine Irish ballad, "Mr. Molony's Account of the Ball":

"There was Lord Crowhurst, I knew him first
When only Mither Pips he was."

During his stay in America he learned to like our people greatly, and it was his intention to make us a second visit and to bring his charming American wife along with him; but this purpose of his was never carried out.

Shortly before leaving our shores, he said to me: "One thing alone would render it impossible for me ever to reside permanently in the United States, and that is the intolerable and brutal insolence of the lower classes." To this I made answer: "But, Mr. Haden, in America we have no 'lower classes.' What you suffered from these people was really your own fault. It is all very well in England for a fine gentleman to bully and denounce the cabman, the railway-porter, and the servants at hotels, but it will not do here, and no American, however eminent, ever does it."

When Seymour Haden returned to England he took with him the genuine good will of many Americans, and the lasting friendship of not a few.

THE ETCHINGS OF ERNEST D. ROTH

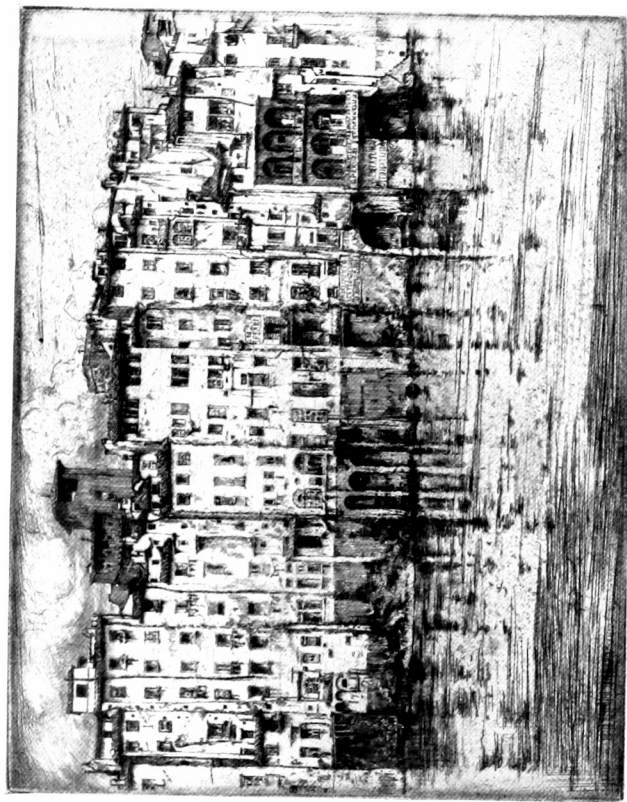
BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

Marquand Professor of Art and Archaeology, Princeton University,
formerly art critic of the *Evening Post*

HAVE sometimes held that the best reason for living in Italy is the opportunity that leisurely land affords for seeing one's fellow-countrymen aright. Nowhere else is there so much time for talk and opportune silence and looking at things. It is the land of lucky encounters. So it was not surprising that returning to a new temporary home at Florence we should meet the Italian etcher Mazzoni, who had done us the honors of an Apennine village, his favorite sketching-ground, and it was natural that he should mention his friend, "a young compatriot of ours, a youth of beautiful talent." That was the way that Mazzoni and Roth came out to look at our rented laurel hedges and cypresses. We naturally liked the quiet and boyish American who was lingering at Florence, waiting for a chance to etch his way to the Golden Horn. He brought his Venice and Florence prints one evening, and we enjoyed the rigorous fidelity of his portraiture of places we loved and the patient enthusiasm with which he had enmeshed the very spirit of the two cities. Our admiration stuck regretfully at the platonic stage, for we ourselves were writing our way with difficulty to a southern temporary home.

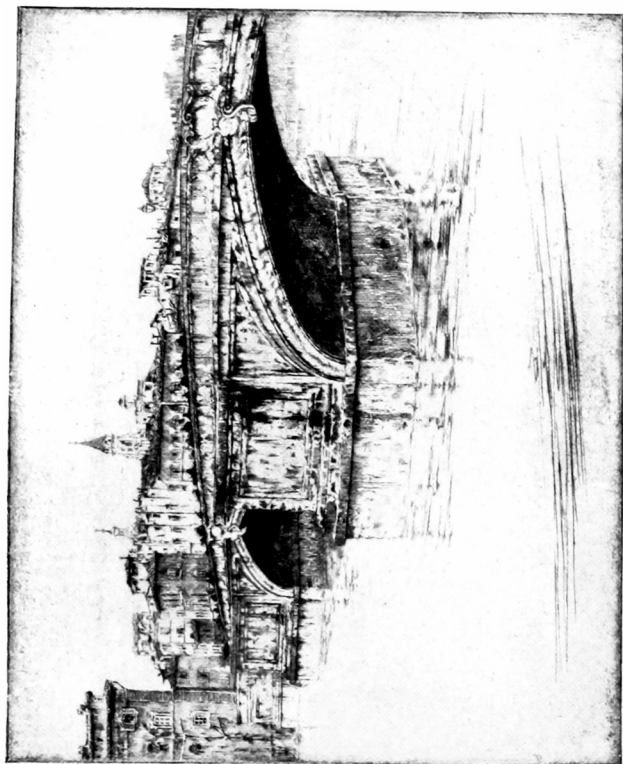
Occasionally in the winter of 1907 I saw Roth sketching on the Arno, and I was always struck by the minute carefulness of his work. It must have been looking over the print *Grim Florence*, with its marvelously exact transcription of the palace backs between the Ponte Vecchio and the Ponte del Trinita, that I foolishly protested against such a waste of observation, and suggested the usual syncopations and readjustments practised by sketchers. Roth's answer was that he would begin to leave things out after he was sure he could put them in. The retort was sufficient, but it characteristically did scant justice to the artist's love of each detail, his scrupulous respect for the actual appearances, his reluctance to seem dexterous at the expense of a beautiful historic monument. Pretty soon Roth did etch his way to the Bosphorus and I have not seen him since. But the next summer, I think, I had the pleasure of seeing the prints I had studied in trial states holding their own at the Venice International, and I learned that the Queen Mother, Margherita, one of the best eyes in Italy, had bought several of the etchings.

In the dozen and a half plates which Roth has selected to represent his work Florence predominates. There was, I remember, no north wind bitter enough to blow him away from the sight of the palace backs, the medieval bridge and its lighter fellow down stream. No one, I suppose, although this is classic sketching-ground, has looked so hard and so lovingly at this bit of old Florence. And it speaks much for Roth's talent that, concentrating upon a subject treated by scores of etchers and vulgarized by millions of postal cards, he has made that subject his own.



ROTH. GRIM FLORENCE

Size of the original etching, $9 \times 11\frac{1}{2}$ inches



ROTH. PONTE DEL TRINITÀ

Size of the original etching, 9 x 10 7/8 inches

When I recall the rich world contained between the knightly and the ladylike bridge I have to think of Roth, just as I cannot walk about Sir Christopher Wren's London and forget Joseph Pennell, or take a Seine steamer in complete oblivion of Charles Meryon. Such impressions are left only by men deeply impregnated with the spirit of place. There are etching-needles, clever ones too, that reduce all places to a sprightly monotony. The formulas level out the differences. Roth has more care to respect the differences than to assert himself, in fact he leans too little upon formulas and depends too much upon expedients improvised with his eye on the object. But this shortcoming is also a kind of superiority. Its fruits one may note by comparing any of the Florence prints with *The Ghetto, Venice*, and the *Turkish Village on the Bosphorus*. Here we have absolute differences of technic and breathe so many different airs. We pass from the dreamlike imprecision of Venice to the massive actuality of Florence and the fantastic lineaments of the Near East, and the record varies with the matter in hand from mere flicks of the needle, through massive linear constructions, to acute and wiry indication akin to caricature.

Ernest David Roth was born at Stuttgart in 1879, but has been an American from his fifth year and a New Yorker since early boyhood. His schooling was mostly at the National Academy of Design, where he worked in etching with that excellent teacher James D. Smillie. Roth began as a painter of landscape, and for half a dozen years has been a pretty regular contributor to the National Academy shows and those of the Pennsylvania Academy. I sometimes wish his

etching showed more of the first intention and speed that his vigorous landscapes never fail to reveal. In fact, an obvious criticism of Roth's prints would be that he works more in the spirit of a painter etching than in that of a painter-etcher: he uses line less for its own sake than as a means of achieving tone, and, conversely, where he wants tone he is sometimes careless about the quality and direction of the component lines. He tends to complicate pictures that are already satisfactory by multiplying cross-hatchings and heavy parallel strokes in the sky and water. This zeal for tone and the full effects proper to painting is dwelt upon not to belittle but to define his talent. Although in his Venice prints and in one or two Tuscan, German, and Turkish subjects he proves himself a vigorous sketcher, most of his work is elaborately completed. We must class him, that is, not with the etchers who follow Seymour Haden's precepts, but with such patient contrivers of full effects as Samuel Palmer and the Hollander Witsen. The fashion of the moment is with the sketchy school, but in these matters an artist has to work out his own salvation. I find it significant that, while Roth's occasional sketchy work may seem to be his cleverest, his best plates are those in which he has exhausted all the resources of modeling, texture, biting, and printing. We see him nearly at his best in the print *Ponte Vecchio*, with its dense shadows and swirling dark river, and this splendid plate is not in the ordinary sense drawn, but fully painted with the needle and the acid. Roth's manner of applying the acid is again that of a painter. Instead of the conventional three baths, he applies the acid with a feather, touch by



ROTH. PONTE VECCHIO. MORNING

Size of the original etching, $8\frac{7}{8} \times 10$ inches



ROTH. PONTE VECCHIO. EVENING

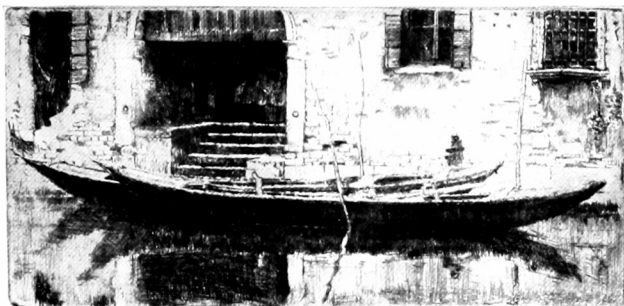
Size of the original etching, $9\frac{3}{8} \times 8\frac{7}{8}$ inches

touch, with blotting-paper at hand. By this hazardous procedure, which is virtually that of Whistler, values are multiplied. Where most etchings will show three main values, or at most five, any elaborate print of Roth's will show a dozen. The danger of this method of using the acid is, naturally, that of confusing the effect. When successful, tones and textures are achieved that fairly rival those of painting. The beauty of such a plate as *Along the Arno* depends largely upon this patient application of tone to a design fine at the outset. In spite of a little overworking of the water this print has more of the spirit of old Florence in it than any print I know. More perfect, if less interesting as an arrangement, is the plate appropriately called *Grim Florence*, in which a nervous and minutely faithful touch leads to a paradoxically broad effect. It is a sinister picture—sky and water conspire to reinforce the somber mood of the crumbling palaces. How Roth kept the feeling of the thing through so much observation, measuring, and drawing is a mystery to me. It suggests dogged reserves of power which should carry through to success an etcher who has deliberately chosen to go about his task in the most difficult way. There is something more winning about the study of the *Trinita Bridge* with its light arches and in the second *Ponte Vecchio*. But in these plates in which Roth consents to be more like other etchers he seems to me a little less than himself. For all of that, the *Trinita Bridge* is a lovely bit of drawing and interpretation, and I have often felt that the mere shortening of the plate at the right and the burnishing down of some strident lines in the quiet stream would make out of an admirable study a

little masterpiece. But masterpieces are better made by beginning new plates than by tinkering old ones.

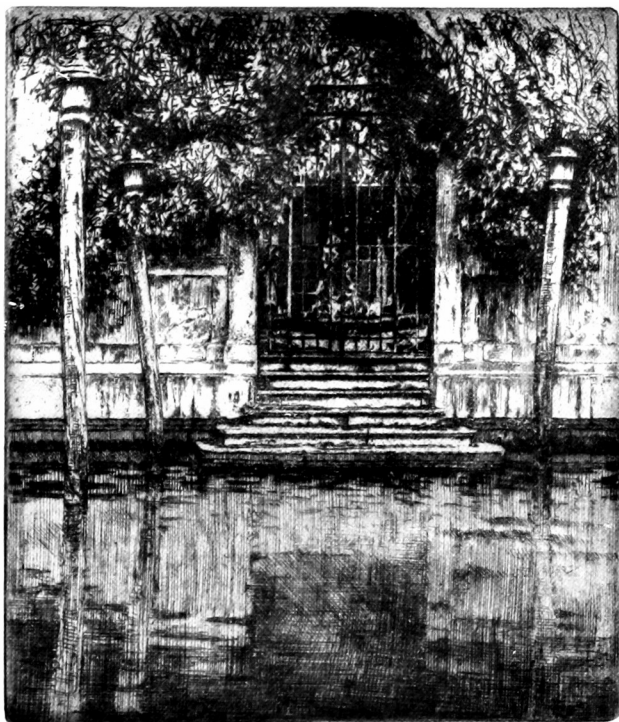
Roth's Venice studies make a more experimental effect upon me. He has, apparently under the influence of Whistler, done some plates of charming slightness, but again the best seem to me to be in that somewhat labored style which Roth has made his own. The little oblong print called *A Quiet Canal* has a singular fascination for me. It is not in the least clever, in fact it is rather laboriously painstaking, but it transports me to Venice as cleverer and more famous prints do not. More remarkable technically is *The Gate*, with its canopy of foliage over shifting reflections in the canal, and its statue glimpsed deep in the court through the gate bars. The print has its dry passages—they are where they obviously should n't be, in the water—but in general it is a remarkable instance of great difficulties overcome without loss of spirit. It is fit to stand with the best of the Arno pictures as evidence of the seriousness of Roth's talent.

This casual survey must close with bare mention of the delightful and accomplished etching *Village on the Bosporus*, which is dated 1909, the artist's thirtieth year. Here the old analytic method has been abandoned and the most is made of the single contour. It is a triumph along approved lines and it may be either a recreation or a sign that Roth has been practising the strenuous methods of the Florence prints only by way of apprenticeship. Here prophecy would be folly and advice criminal. It is enough to say that such an apprenticeship promises well for mastery to come.



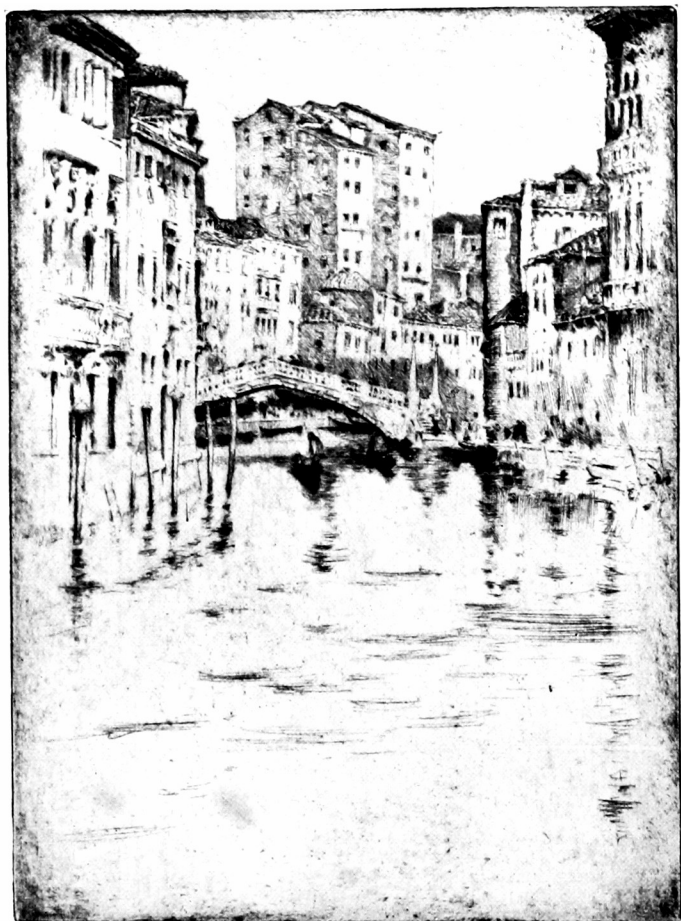
ROTH. A QUIET CANAL

Size of the original etching, $4\frac{1}{2} \times 9\frac{1}{8}$ inches



ROTH. THE GATE

Size of the original etching, $7\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inches



ROTH. THE GHETTO

Size of the original etching, $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{7}{8}$ inches

CATALOGUE OF THE ETCHED WORK OF ERNEST D. ROTH

THE VENICE SERIES (1905-06-07)

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 Off the Guidecca. | 3 Fish Baskets. |
| 2 San Gregorio (the small
plate). | 4 A Quiet Canal. |
| | 5 A Bridge. |
| <hr/> | |
| 6 The Wooden Bridge. | 10 The Gate. |
| 7 A Passage. | 11 An Arcaded Street. |
| 8 "Reflections." | 12 Near the Rialto. |
| 9 The Squero. | 13 A Canal. |
| <hr/> | |
| 14 Farm House in the
"Veneto." | 22 San Gregorio (the large
plate). |
| 15 From the "Punta." | 23 The Arcade. |
| 16 At Anchor. | 24 Wood Boats. |
| 17 A Doorway
(No. 1). | 25 A Garden. |
| 18 Drying Nets. | 26 Boat Builders' Yard. |
| 19 A Cloister. | 27 The Ghetto. |
| 20 A "Sotto Portico." | 28 An Old Palace. |
| 21 Two Palaces. | 29 Il Traghetto. |
| | 30 The Zattere. |

THE GERMAN SERIES

(1906 AND 1908)

31 A German Barnyard
(No. 1).

32 A German Barnyard
(No. 2).

THE FLORENCE SERIES

(1906-07-08)

33 Ponte Vecchio—Evening.

35 The Smithy.

34 Old Houses on the Arno.

36 Across the Arno.

43 Mill on the Arno.

37 Ponte Vecchio—Morning.

44 Along the Arno.

38 Florence.

45 The Street of the Rag
Shops.

39 The Buttress, Ponte
Vecchio.

46 A Road, near Florence.

40 The Iron Workers' Shop.

47 Poplars, near Florence.

41 Grim Florence.

48 Peretola, near Florence.

42 Old Florence.

49 Ponte del Trinita.

53 A Rainy Day.

50 The Covered Street.

54 The Iron Shop.

51 Florentine Roofs.

55 Ragged Quarters.

52 Ponte del Trinita—The
Buttress.

56 Rag Shop.

THE CONSTANTINOPLE SERIES

(1908)

57 Stamboul.

60 The Little Mosque.

58 Turkish Village on the
Bosporus.

61 Top Hané.

62 Street in Galata.

59 A Stamboul Street.

THE PRINT-COLLECTION OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

BY FRANK WEITENKAMPF

Chief of the Department of Prints, New York Public Library

THERE are obvious signs of a growing interest in prints. Not that there has been an immediate and wide-spread growth of this interest; the appeal of the etching and the engraving is of too intimate a nature for that. But the evidence of an increasing response to the charm of the print, though unobtrusive and without any striking spectacular features, is discoverable by the observant. Both print-dealers and curators of print-rooms would probably say that the interest has spread to classes where it would not formerly have been sought.

Some of the evidences referred to—we may consider them as cause, or effect, or both—are found in the more numerous exhibitions of prints, in the revival of the practice of etching among artists, and in the establishment of public collections of prints. Twelve or fifteen years ago there were print-collections at Harvard, in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and in the Pennsylvania Academy. To-day engravings and etchings are to be seen, to some extent, at the Chicago Institute, the Albright Art Gallery (Buffalo), the Newark Public Library, the Brooklyn Museum, and

elsewhere, and regular print departments have been established by the Congressional Library in Washington and the Public Library in New York City. The last-named is naturally of interest to many and it is of possible interest to more. But news of a certain kind travels slowly. New York's print-room is not only known to connoisseurs in various parts of this country, but in Europe as well. Yet there are New York print-lovers who either do not know of it, or whose knowledge concerning it is of the vaguest.

In 1899 it was resolved to establish a department of prints in the New York Public Library. This institution already possessed a considerable number of prints of documentary value (portraits, views, historical scenes) both separate and in extra-illustrated volumes, as also a lot of line-engravings of the Italian school of the early nineteenth century. Shortly after the foundation of the print-room the late Samuel P. Avery presented to the Library his remarkable collection of about 19,000 prints, which was designed to illustrate the arts of etching and lithography in the nineteenth century, particularly in France. This it does with a completeness, in the case of many artists, which makes it unsurpassed in its field. The Avery gift was followed by others. Some of these built directly on the Avery foundation, admirably rounding out certain portions. Howard Mansfield, for instance, added considerably to the portfolios of etchings by Storm van 's Gravesande (still further added to by the artist himself); Mrs. Cyrus J. Lawrence donated the noteworthy and remarkably large collection of lithographs by Daumier formed by her deceased husband; from Joseph Pennell came over nine hundred

lithographs illustrating the development of the art; from Frederick Keppel about three hundred and fifty modern etchings, from Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer French lithographs, from George A. Lucas wood-engravings by Prunaire, etc. Finally, a number of artists appeared as donors of their own work,—C. Storm van 's Gravesande, L. Pissarro, T. Frantisek Simon, Loys Delteil, Th. Molkenboer, A. Prunaire, and Vojt Preissig. Other donors gave impetus in other directions. Charles Stewart Smith presented his collection of Japanese prints (between sixteen and seventeen hundred pieces) formed by Captain Brinkley, Alexander Maitland an interesting series of prints relating to the South Sea Bubble, Charles B. Curtis nearly a thousand engravings after Raphael, E. L. Knoedler reproductive etchings. Still other possibilities of specialization were indicated by gifts from John L. Cadwalader, Mrs. Henry Draper, Atherton Curtis (Dürer's *Triumphal Arch of Maximilian*), W. F. Havemeyer (Italian line-engravings), E. C. Bement, and others.

From the beginning the Library was interested in the acquisition of prints by Americans. To the request of the Director of the Library, Dr. J. S. Billings, that American artists aid in building up as complete a collection as possible of products of graphic art in this country, there has been a considerable response. American etching may be studied here from an early, crude effort by William Dunlap down to the outcome of the recent revival of the art by White, Winslow, Osgood, Warner, Hornby, Otto Schneider, Ernest D. Roth, and André Smith; the period of the old Etching Club of New York, begun in 1877 under the auspices

of Smillie, Gifford, and Yale, is well covered. The line-engravers are similarly represented, with particular fullness in the case of A. B. Durand, James Smillie, Charles Burt, and Alfred Jones. Similarly, the works of E. D. French and J. W. Spenceley can be seen here almost in their entirety, and other book-plates, old and new, form material for interesting study. American lithography, too, is adequately represented, and the art of wood-engraving is illustrated in several thousand proofs by Alexander Anderson, in many blocks after mid-century illustrators such as F. O. C. Darley (whose original sketches are to be seen here beside the wood-cut form in which they reached the public), and in the brilliant achievements of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. This last remarkable period is reflected here in a representative collection of proofs by the various engravers of the school which it produced—Juengling (with about four hundred and fifty proofs), Cole, and Kingsley make a particularly fine showing.

All that has been said concerns mainly modern work, and, while much remains to be acquired, the collection has already become favorably known abroad. The monographs on Manet by Moreau-Nelaton, Israels by H. J. Hubert, Whistler by E. G. Kennedy and by Howard Mansfield, Haden by H. Nazeby Harrington, and the general catalogues of Loys Delteil and Gustave Bourcard bear witness to its usefulness—its indispensableness—in the preparation of such special publications. And this is due primarily to the collection formed by Mr. Avery, who with remarkable foresight and unerring collector's instinct accumulated fuller collections of the work of certain artists than can be

found in their native lands. Enjoyment and understanding of the prints in the Avery Collection is increased by illustrative material in the shape of portraits, drawings, reproductions of drawings, press clippings and other "minor accessories," as the late Russell Sturgis called them, with all their side-lights on the individuality of the artists. Not a few of the prints bear manuscript notes by the artists, the late George A. Lucas (whose long residence in Paris gave him much intimate knowledge of the artists and their work), and Mr. Avery himself.

But this print-room is not entirely without older work. Mr. Avery himself occasionally entered by-paths that took him temporarily from his set purpose: his collection includes a noteworthy set of Turner's "Liber Studiorum," sixteen hundred plates by Chodowiecki, and some portfolios of etchings by J. P. Norblin. In 1909 a number of engravings by masters of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries were added to the general collection of the print-room, illustrating line-engraving in Germany, the Netherlands, France, and Italy: a nucleus, at least, which will attract additions, it is hoped. At the same time there came also about one hundred and forty additional proofs of the reproductive line-engravings of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, in which the engravers of Italy, France, and Germany (Morggen, Volpato, Boucher-Desnoyers, Mandel, *et al.*) translated into the language of line and of black-and-white the works in color of great painters, particularly of the Italian school.

It is quite clear, then, that the Library's print-collection is rich in some directions and poor in others.

Etchings by Rembrandt, for instance, or mezzotints, or English and French color prints, or the French line-engravings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to name but some, are lacking. The curator's special report, published in the Director's annual report for 1909 and outlining the print-room's record for ten years, emphasizes both the strength and weakness of the collection. However, the resources of the department have already made possible the arrangement of over half a hundred exhibitions, of the most varied character, in the old Lenox Library building. There were shown, for instance, Japanese prints, Turner's "*Liber Studiorum*," a historical exhibition of painter-lithography, prints by modern Dutch artists, Danish etchings, etchings and other prints by modern Bohemian artists, and a similar exhibit of work by modern German artists, book-plates, American wood-engravings, American etchings, modern French line-engravings, some groups illustrating special subjects (artistic portraits, animals in black-and-white), and a number of exhibitions devoted to individual artists,—Millet, Rousseau, Daubigny, Whistler, Fantin-Latour, Bracquemond, Jacquemart, Menzel, Meissonier, Raffet, Rossetti, Pissarro, R. Swain Gifford, L. M. Yale, R. F. Blum, J. Alden Weir, Joseph Pennell, E. D. French, J. W. Spenceley, and others. About one in every four of the exhibitions was devoted to the work of American artists. The print-room in the recently opened new building at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, was fittingly inaugurated by a selection of modern etchings from the S. P. Avery collection.

These exhibitions have aroused interest; it is be-

lieved, too, that they have done something to further the love for, and understanding of, prints. The attention attracted by these exhibitions, and the use made of the print study-room, have already justified the establishment of this department in the Library's work. This was shown even under adverse conditions (want of space, accessibility, and attractiveness) in the old Lenox Library building. Increased opportunities in the new building at Forty-second Street will presumably bring greater usefulness. And for that growth is necessary, growth that will make this print-collection worthy of New York.



WASHBURN. PORTRAIT OF CADWALLADER WASHBURN

From his original dry-point, from life
Size of the original dry-point, $11\frac{1}{8} \times 8$ inches

NOTES OF AN ETCHER IN MEXICO AND MAINE

By CADWALLADER WASHBURN

NO truer picture of Mexico was ever given than in Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico." It fairly drips with glowing tones, from the exotic flowers and gaudily decked forest birds to those Aztec monarchs and their sumptuous followers. Back of all the wonderful setting of Nature's own contriving, the eternal mountains lift their snowy summits into the blue skies, the riot of pulsing, pushing plant life reaches out like some sensate creation to cover earth's nakedness, to drape itself over all in suffocating richness.

Just such an Eden as Prescott drew is Mexico of to-day, and happy is the artist who can settle down in some such remote spot as Cuernavaca. Here all is peace and beauty, with the pure bracing air to stimulate, the everlasting mountains and high stars to calm.

A rigorous winter, and its consequent effect upon a constitution weakened by typhoid, found the writer speeding to the warm climes of Mexico early in 1909. The two subsequent winters discovered him again settled in Mexico surrounded with every incentive for work; for this land is the legitimate field for the

artist and especially a happy hunting-ground for the seeker of line, for the devotee of the copperplate and needle.

Three factors greatly influenced my choice of Mexico over the countries of the Old World, as a working ground in winter; first, the unsurpassable and invariable climate; five months of the year blessed with clear weather, each day as perfect as the other, and thus an inducement to greater application to work.

The second factor has regard to the easy adaptability of one's own nature to the human atmosphere, a harmony invaluable in any pursuit, but essentially so in Art, where the mind solicits unpreoccupation. I speak rather of the local atmosphere, for the nature of my work brought me in direct contact with the lowest class of humanity, by which three fourths of Mexico is inhabited, and on whom the wealthy Church is largely dependent for its sumptuous display of prosperity.

My frequenting places of worship, my working grounds in reality, where a stream of the poor peons flocks from early dawn until twilight, explains the engendering of congenial relations with this class, poor and down-trodden, yet strangely polite even to a fault.

The third and last factor influencing my attachment to Mexico will be apparent when it is remembered that no country of the Old World possesses more domed edifices than does Mexico; a fact doubly attested by world-traveled journalists and tourists coming into Mexico City from El Paso and Laredo, on the northern borders; from Acapulco and Man-



WASHBURN. TEMPLO PARROQUIAL (No. 2), TAXCO

Size of the original etching, 12 x 8 inches



WASHBURN. SAGRARIO METROPOLITANO

Size of the original etching, $11\frac{7}{8} \times 8$ inches

zanillo on the Pacific; or Vera Cruz and Tampico on the Gulf. A panorama of towering and domed cathedrals passes their eyes, as the train speeds through the towns and villages which border the tracks.

The chief attraction about these cathedrals and the more modest places of worship does not lie in the magnificence of their architecture nor their dimensions. In magnificence the cathedrals of Rheims, Amiens, and Paris exceed them; in size the cathedrals of Toledo and St. Peter's stand unchallenged. It is by their stamp of individuality that they stand alone and without peers. They are an evolution of the blending of the architectural styles known as the Chiruoeseque, Mandjar, and Baroque, with color scheme. Excepting the Grand Cathedral of Mexico City, the graceful Sagrario Metropolitano of the same city, the cathedrals of Puebla, Leon, and a few others scattered through the interior—where the natural color of stone is jealously guarded—these structures for worship have acquired a peculiarly beautiful tone, possible through no other agency than exposure to the elements coupled with bleaching by the sun; these exteriors having been repainted for untold centuries with whitewash, tinted with various burnt-earth pigments. Each edifice seems to proclaim its origin; it could never belong to any land save where it was first conceived.

The Templo Parroquial of Taxco, upon which millions were squandered, is the one perfect example where architecture combined with the color scheme produces an indefinable æsthetical magnificence; a guitar could not be strung and tuned to greater nicety than this cathedral in relation to her environment, to

her patrons, to their peculiar characteristics and attributes.

Happy were the months spent in exploiting these architectural treasures, so entirely the outgrowth of the Mexican needs and temperament, yet in early spring the rumble of civil and political discord already drew near the gate of this artist's paradise, rolling ominously nearer and nearer until the day when regretful Prudence raised her warning finger and the Lares and Penates of a two years' sojourn were hurriedly assembled and gathered into boxes for speedy departure. That the departure ultimately became a flight made the contents of the said boxes no less desirable in the eyes of their owner.

Sad was the fate of the too optimistic botanical scientist who gladly leased the vacated Cuernavaca home, to be the first victim of a rebel attack within a few weeks!

After that even the comparative security of the City of Mexico lost its appeal, and I was happy and greatly relieved when Vera Cruz was safely reached and I saw the fruits of my two years' work, including canvases and fifty copperplates, safely deposited on the stanch deck of the good ship *Merida*.

Relief was the prevalent feeling of many refugees, who, with their families and all their worldly fortunes, hailed with joy the sailing of the *Merida*.

Ideal and restful was the journey until the night of May 12th. At midnight I was awakened by an indescribable scrunching, rending crash and knew instantly we were the victims of a collision. I hastily slipped into the nearest raiment I could find and rushed out. Within a few minutes all the lights were



WASHBURN. MY MODEL

Size of the original dry-point, $6\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ inches



WASHBURN. PEON IN SUNLIGHT

Size of the original dry-point, 12 × 8 inches

extinguished, and realizing that the ship's vitals had been assailed I hastily returned for a life-preserver before making my way on deck.

The throng was orderly and under perfect control. Seeing that one side of the ship was swarming with passengers, mostly half-clad, and believing that the chances of escape might be more promising on the other side, I hastened over and climbed down a dangling rope ladder to a boat; but as I reached the last rung a big black wave lifted the boat and tossed it so far away that I had no hope of getting to it.

I was compelled to clamber back up the ladder and to the deck again. By that time the last boat was being lowered on the other side, filled with passengers. I reached the davits only to realize that the boat was below my reach. Believing this to be my last chance of escape from the fast sinking steamer I made a desperate jump clear of the deck, clutched the rope and slid down among the passengers.

Unfortunately, the descending boat caught immediately against the ridges of the steamer's side, and there was imminent danger of its tipping over and of all of us dropping into the water. By strenuous endeavors, however, using the oars as levers, we managed to get the boat to within six feet of the sea. Then we found that we had reached the end of the davit ropes. There being nothing else to do, a signal was given to let go, and we dropped like a shot into the water, and were soon drifting through the heavy fog toward the *Admiral Farragut*, which had rammed us.

We reached the *Farragut* and got on board, but found that this steamer had been so badly injured by

the collision that the cargo had been shifted to avoid the inrush of water. We were advised not to part with our life-preservers.

In spite of these dreary admonitions, men, women, and even little children exhibited the greatest self-control and patience, but it was an anxious hour before the wireless made good its connection with an unseen friend fifty miles away. Then we settled down, greatly relieved, if very much on the bias, to await the promised aid.

Wet, cold, and exhausted, my companion, William Archer, the English journalist, and myself sought out a warm spot in the coal-bins and subsided for an hour's rest. At 5 A.M. Captain Robertson, of the *Merida*, joined us with the announcement that his boat had taken her final plunge to the bottom of the sea. I thought of the many months of happy labor that were summed up on my copperplates and canvases and for a moment a regretful thought followed the lost ship. But day had come, two boats were on the horizon hurrying to our rescue, and I am sure that to the men, women, and children, though shivering with cold and bereft of their possessions, life seemed very good at that moment.

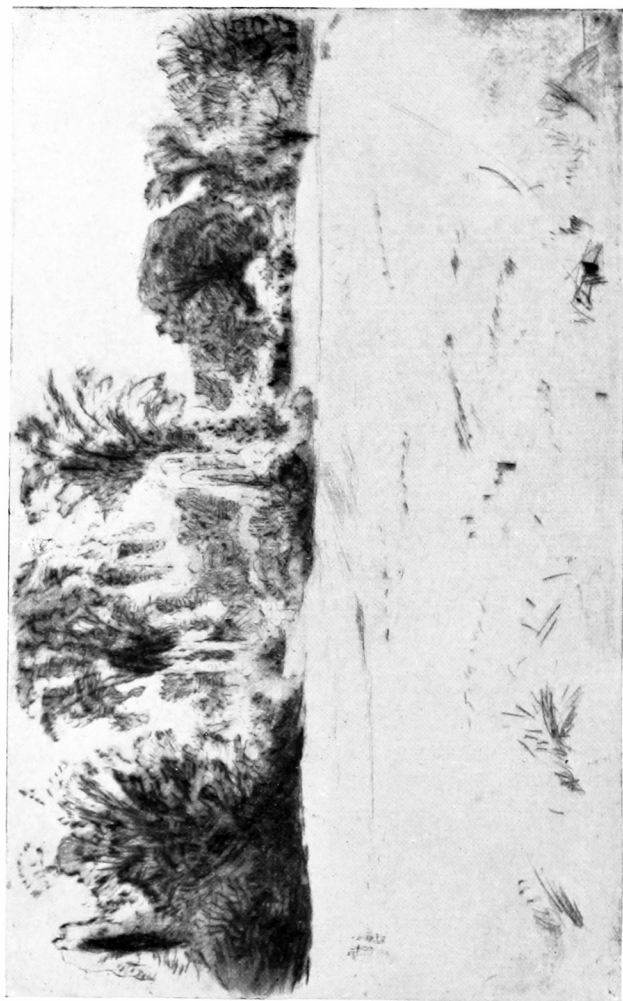
It is a far cry from Mexico to Maine, where my work abruptly shifts, and very different are the Mexican plates from the dry-points of the Norlands Series!

In no place can one work more spontaneously, with a mind clear and untrammelled by any artificial influences, than where one's Puritan blood naturally finds its own in the land where Puritan ideals were



WASHBURN. LIGHT AND SHADOW (NORLANDS SERIES, No. 3)

Size of the original dry-point. 6 x 9 inches



WASHBURN. ELMS AND MEADOW NEAR DEAD RIVER (NORLANDS SERIES, No. 4)

Size of the original dry-point, $4\frac{7}{8} \times 7\frac{7}{8}$ inches

raised and clinched, when the country was fighting out its early destinies.

In the Norlands dry-points, of which the fourth series was completed this summer, it was my desire to record the varying phases under which Nature has shown herself to me, with such keen appreciation as is possible only to one who has lived in close intimacy with her from childhood. At the same time I have attempted to keep them as nearly as possible true to the quality of impressionability which characterized my boyhood; that is to say, at a period long before Art had acquired any influence over my mind. As a small boy it was my wont to wander into the depths of the woods; if a brook ran across my path it at once became an object of exploration,—its source and outlet must be traced; botany, entomology, and ornithology claimed the same enthusiastic interest. Summer after summer it was my happy fortune to live within easy reach of meadows, fields, and woods which had not been disturbed by man's agricultural ventures.

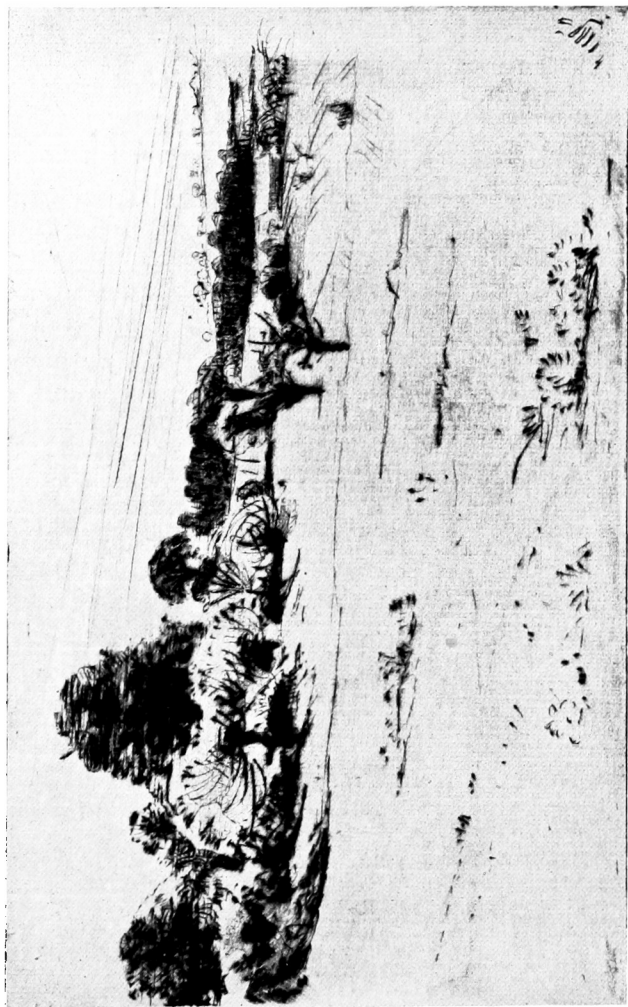
Inevitably, these conditions of environment were such as to inculcate in me a deeper interest in everything appertaining to Nature and her secrets. My mind, clear, free, and deeply enthralled with Nature, was destined to receive impressions exceptional for the absence of affectation. Nature appealed to the impressionable boy with all her intimate charms, untrammelled by association of ideas or of preoccupation by Art and her attributes. Any attempt to preserve the purity of these early impressions is futile without a correct appreciation of this singular pleasure-producing power. So far as I can remember, I was cognizant of the truth of Nature's appeal to my

mind. It was unity of feeling; that is to say, when I came away from Nature, my pleasurable impression was always general, never analytical. I may have been attracted and interested by her essentials, but it was always the merged impression that created the pleasant, and therefore lingering, sensation.

It is clear that in recording my impressions on the copperplate to-day, in the same unpreoccupied state of mind as in my boyhood, when art and technique were unknown qualities, I find the necessity for elimination of detail and simplification of contrasts, thus preserving unity of feeling, and it is interesting to compare two studies of the same landscape under different moods, as a means of gaging the possibilities of arriving at this unity.

In the plate entitled *Light and Shadow*, greater emphasis between the light in the foreground and the shadow covering the remainder of picture, is sought at a sacrifice of conspicuousness of the single tree in the foreground. With a view to unity of feeling, the tree has been ruthlessly deprived of its claim on observation, but the contrast between light and shadow is in true relation to the tree itself. The tree is unimportant; its beauty, individuality, and construction are subordinated to the essential thing of the picture, yet its distinguishing characteristic, *i.e.* form, is retained, whereas had the artist's attention been centered upon the tree, the impression would have been different, and emphasis would have been laid upon its character and construction.

Again, in another study, entitled *Elms and Meadow near Dead River*, the interest lies in the individuality of the trees; the elms appear as buoyant and lithe-



WASBURN. FIELD AT SOUTH LIVERMORE (NORLANDS SERIES, No. 4)

Size of the original dry-point, 5 x 8 inches



WASBURN. MEADOW CREEK, NORTH JAY (NORLANDS SERIES, No. 4)

Size of the original dry-point, $5\frac{7}{8} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ inches

some, while the oaks seen beyond appear stern and solid, surrounded by low shrubbery. Young evergreens cluster beneath the wing of the stately elms.

Again, for yet a different impression, take the plate called *Fountain in Porfirio Diaz Park* of the Cuernavaca Series. Here attention is called to the phosphorescent effect and clear transparency of the rainbow, the suggestion of spouting water against the sky, both of the same value, white against white. The trees are treated as accessory, further to emphasize the singular quality in the white spray.

The other plates of the Norlands Series have been executed with the same intention and aim, and it is my hope that these notes may help to clear up questionable points and lend additional interest to the work.

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